

The Arrival | Remake

Today was the day.
The day I finally stepped outside.

Ten years ago... they came.
They took what we used to call life.
And whatever is left now—
isn't it.

I only remember about nine years of what the world used to be like. Normal life. Sunlight that felt warm. People that didn't live in fear.

Then they came.

My parents hid me while the world ended outside our walls.
Gunfire. Screams. Things that didn't sound human.

After hours of waiting, my dad went outside to check what was happening.
He never came back.

So it was just me and my mom.

We made a promise:
Never go outside.

Not ever.

She said if we stayed hidden long enough... maybe they'd leave.
They never did.

We don't even know how much of the world is left.
If I had to guess—
most people are dead.
Or something worse.

There were nights my mom almost didn't make it.

The fear... it got to her.
But we survived.
Somehow.
Mostly because of him.

A man we knew—still alive out there.

He brought us food. Water. Supplies.

We never asked how he survived.

We were just grateful that he did.

Now I'm 19.

And I'm done hiding.

"Luke... please don't do this."

My mom stood by the door, her voice shaking.

"I love you too much to lose you."

"I'll be fine," I said.

Even though I didn't believe it.

"It's time I find out what we've been hiding from."

"What if the same thing that happened to your father happens to you?"

My fists clenched.

"What if he's still out there?"

Her expression hardened.

"If he is... then he broke his promise."

I looked at the door.

"...then he had a reason."

She didn't respond.

I grabbed the handle.

"I'll be fine, mom."

And I opened it.

The wind hit me first.

Hot. Dry. Violent.

Then the light.

Blinding.

Unnatural.

It felt wrong.

Like it didn't belong to this world anymore.

"This... this is it."

I stepped outside.

And the world proved me right.

Everything was... dead.

Buildings fused into the environment.

Cars abandoned in the streets—

covered in dried blood.

Dark streaks ran down walls and over edges.

But the worst part?

There were no bodies.

I looked up at the sun.

Even it felt wrong.

Too bright—

but somehow still dark.

I waved back at my mom.

She gave me a small, empty wave.

Then shut the door.

No smile.

No hope.

I walked.

Past broken buildings.

Past silence.

For what felt like hours.

But the sun never moved.

Not even a little.

The ground beneath my feet was burning.

Hotter than it should've been.

Then—

my vision blurred.
A ringing filled my ears.

Sharp.
Violent.

Blood spilled from my ear.

I dropped to my knees.
Shaking.
Breathing fast.
Too fast.
Then—

darkness.

When I woke up—
it was night.

Pitch black.
Freezing.

“I-it’s so cold...”

I grabbed my flashlight.
My gun.
And kept walking.

That’s when I saw it.
A tunnel.
Cut through a massive hill.

A fence surrounded everything else.
No way around.
Only through.

“This is for you, dad...”

I stepped forward.

Inside—
it felt wrong immediately.
Like I had stepped somewhere I wasn’t supposed to be.

I turned on my flashlight.
An abandoned car.
Covered in blood.
Inside—

a body.
Fresh.
Half of it gone.
Torn apart.

Something growled.
Low.
Hungry.
Not human.

“I’m not scared of you!”

That was a lie.
Something moved.

I turned—
And saw it.

Tall.
Thin.
Twisted.
Smiling.

Watching me.
Learning me.

I ran.
More sounds followed.
More of them.
Laughing.

Not real laughter—
something broken.
Distorted.

I saw the light at the end of the tunnel.

“Yes...”

I tripped.
Mud.
My shoes stuck.

“They’re coming—”

I ripped free.
Ran barefoot.

Faster.
Closer.
Closer—

Then silence.
I looked back.
They were gone.

All of them.
Gone.

I felt it.

Behind me.
I turned—

Too late.
It was already there.

Smiling.
Waiting.

I fired.

It didn’t matter.
My arm—

gone.
Blood everywhere.

I laughed.
Weak.

“...guess I wasn’t meant for this world...”

And just like that—

I wasn't.